

Capl. Edward SELLON

No 773

CYTHERA'S HYMNAL;

OR,

FLAKES FROM THE FORESKIN.

A COLLECTION OF

Songs, Poems, Nursery Rhymes, Quiddities,

ETC., ETC.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.



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[Cum Privilegio.]



CYTHERA'S HYMNAL.

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

Sir Walter Scott's Ballad.

My wretched fate I needs must own,
Though bootless be the theme,
I loved, and thought I was again
Beloved, but 'twas a dream :
For as the spell was easy cast,
So it was easy broke,
And my romantic dream of love
Soon ended all in smoke !

Down Regent Street one night I strolled,
And met a blooming lass,
With two such swelling bubs, or breasts,
And large backside, or arse ;
She swore she loved me more than life,
My cods began to stroke,
Surely, cried I, such love as this
Can never end in smoke !

She took me home—we went to bed—
She shewed me how to do it.
“Now keep good time,” she said, “and try
To shove a hole right through it.”
Reposing when the feat was o'er,
In sweat I lay in soak,
And steaming like a dunghill, cried,
This seems to end in smoke !

Our mutual vows we did exchange,
 Which we both swore to keep,
 And after divers pleasant hugs,
 We kissed ourselves to sleep.
 But ah! how soon the bubble burst,
 For just in time I woke
 To see my brooches, boots, and purse
 Were vanishing like smoke.

My sweetheart held them, and, said she,
 Nay, think me not unkind,
 And laughing, as she left the room,
 Let go the rope behind.
 And as I smelt the noxious gas,
 And fancied from her cloak
 I saw the vapour rise, I cried,
 She's ended too in smoke!

But ah! my luck! for in three weeks,
 (Oh how it made me cuss),
 Three chancrees did appear upon
 My tolly-waggy-bus.
 And as the doctor in their depths
 Did with his caustic poke,
 Methinks, cried I, what burns so well
 Should follow suit and smoke.

THREE STUDENTS WENT SLUMMING.

Air, "Three Fishers."

Three students went slumming out into the High,
 Out into the High, as Big Tom went down,
 Determined to slum till their taps ran dry,
 And the bull-dogs stood watching them right thro' the town.
 For men must slum, and women will try
 To gain a small pittance by walking the High,
 While Peter stiff is standing.

Three bitches sat up in St. Mary's tower,
 And they trimmed their quims as Big Tom went down ;
 They longed for a prick, but they thought of the flowers,
 And the clap-rag they rolled it up, ragged and brown ;
 For men will slum, and women will sleep,
 Regardless of clap, and pox-marks deep,
 And the cunt stretched open is yawning.

Three rones stroked down their drooping stands,
 As the morning shines on their sad mishap,
 And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
 Because they can never get rid of the clap.

For men will poke both a whore and a keep,
 And the sooner 'tis over, the sooner to sleep.
 Then good bye to the cunt and its fucking.

THE REV. PIMLICO POOLE.

Air, "The Ivy Green."

The Reverend Pimlico Poole was a saint
 Who averted from sinners their doom,
 By confessing the ladies until they felt faint,
 All alone in a little dark room.

Now this little dark room was a sight to behold,
 So becurtained a brothel did seem,
 With a well padded sofa, and I also am told,
 On a shelf stood a pot of cold cream.

Chorus—But they never confessed, and it never was known
 What was done in that little dark room all alone.

' He'd make one confess why she sat with legs crossed,
 While her cheeks would blush up beetroot red ;
 And tell how last night she had tumbled and tossed,
 And kicked all the clothes off her bed.

Our mutual vows we did exchange,
 Which we both swore to keep,
 And after divers pleasant hugs,
 We kissed ourselves to sleep.
 But ah! how soon the bubble burst,
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 And tell how last night she had tumbled and tossed,
 And kicked all the clothes off her bed.

And say how that morn to the privy she went,
 And when done, found no paper at all,
 How she first used her fingers, in spite of the scent,
 And then wiped it off on the wall.

Chorus—But they, &c.

And the maid would confess that her thoughts were so bad,
 Though to quell them she never need fail,
 By the help of the neck of a bottle which had
 Held a quart once of Bass's pale ale ;
 And the wife would confess, as she fluttered her fan,
 How she sometimes got poked on the sly,
 And how when she was married some well-hung young man
 Had a finger in her husband's pie.

Chorus—But they, &c.

And the widow confessed what a life her spouse led,
 How for poking she drove him half wild,
 And how when he was dead, she was brought safe to bed
 Of a thirteen-months posthumous child ;
 And all these confessions, so shocking to hear,
 Never shocked Mr. Poole in the least,
 But arranging his person, he sat in his chair,
 While his Tommy kept rising like yeast.

Chorus—But they, &c.

Now the ladies they flocked in such numbers to pray
 And receive ghostly comfort and ease,
 That at length Mr. Poole's constitution gave way,
 And his clock-weights hung down to his knees ;
 And when they had heard it all whispered about
 That the saint had no more power to sin,
 They declared their confessions they'd no more pour out,
 Since he'd nought in return to put in.

Chorus—So they, &c.

BETTY'S TOWN EXPERIENCES.

Air, "Belle of the Ball."

No doubt you are anxious to know

How your Betty gets on in the town,

How she's dressed when she's out on the show,

And the streets that she walks up and down.

I'll not tell how the Londoners shell,

I'll not speak of my bonnet or shawl,

But the Londoners' action I'll tell,

How the Londoners play cock and ball.

To tell of pōx, chancres and claps

Would fail to amuse, I suppose,

So I'll pass by those dreadful mishaps

And give you a list of my beaus.

I'll not say if my cunt gets small rest,

If its lax, or as rough as a wall,

But I'll tell who performs on it best,

And who cannot play on it at all.

Sir Simon Shampoodle's the first,

An octogenarian fop,

He's a customer heavily pursed,

And spends a good deal at my shop.

My pussy the old boy will suck,

And my bubbies as round as a ball,

But his prick's much too limp for a fuck,

So he cannot do it at all.

Charley Smash, who gives way at the knees,

Knocks about till he's weak as a reed,

He makes every effort to please,

But he hasn't the strength to succeed.

He's just like a dog in a fair,

(The proverb to mind I recall),

In and out all the time he is there,

And never spends nothing at all.

Willy Spindle, with prick like a pin,
 Nature meant him, I swear, but to piss,
 And I only can tell when he's in
 By his bumping my belly with his.
 He's a lecherous youth of fifteen,
 With a running, weak nerve, and a drawl,
 And bollocks the size of a bean,
 So he cannot do it at all.

Then next Major Bomb of the Blues,
 So stalwart and lusty of limb,
 He is six foot three out of his shoes,
 And his prick's in proportion to him.
 But though nature has been so kind
 In rendering that portion so tall,
 He only will do it behind,
 So I count him just nothing at all.

Now I've finished my list, and my pen
 Shall describe what I hold in my hand,
 Which is not like the prick of the men,
 For a dildo for ages will stand.
 Oh! a dildo's the thing to be squeezed,
 By its side every Tommy looks small;
 Oh! a dildo, when properly greased,
 Is a thousand times better than all.

THE RED PLUSH BREECHES.

Air, "Hoop-de-dooden-do,"

In Eaton Square, admired by all,
 Lived Thomas John, a footman tall,
 The glory of the servant's hall,
 With his pair of red plush breeches.

Like parchment by the legal host,
 Miss Polly Gray's heart he engrossed,
 Consumed by love, as fire burns toast,
 For his pair of red plush breeches.

Now Thomas's love she did not doubt,
 And when she got her Sunday out
 'Twas her delight to stroll about
 With his pair of red plush breeches.

One night John Thomas wished, he said,
 To step through marriage to her bed,
 Poll squeezed his hand, and blushed as red
 As his pair of red plush breeches.

'Twas in the park they sat that night,
 Till all the gates were shut up quite,
 And Thomas felt extremely tight
 Were his pair of red plush breeches.

So tight they were, and so confined,
 And Polly looked so very kind,
 Tom turned it over in his mind,
 And undid his red plush breeches.

Down Polly sank with beating heart,
 Tom gently stretched her legs apart,
 And active motion did impart
 To his pair of red plush breeches.

They reached their home that night again,
 The truth Poll's linen could not feign,
 Corroborated by a stain
 On Thomas' red plush breeches.

In nine months grew the seed he'd sown,
 And for the sum of half-a-crown
 His hand does every week go down
 In his pair of red plush breeches.

THE DEFUTUTE PARSON.

Air, "Paddy's Wedding."

In amazement lost, the "Morning Post"
 Proclaimed one morning, west and east,
 A reverend gent had actually went
 And been converted a Romish priest.
 Some oily tongue from him had wrung
 A slow consent, said public talk,
 But the motive true, I'll tell to you,
 Was as different as cheese from chalk.

Chorus—Then let us hope, long live the Pope,
 And may his sway rule every nation,
 And never die the clerical cry
 Of celibacy and fornication.

Now when a boy, he loved no toy,
 Though with a girl he liked to play;
 He thought it so pretty to play with her titty,
 While she played with his in a similar way.
 At college and school he preserved the same rule,
 And many a scar for Venus bore,
 And with his yard he tried right hard
 To plumb the depths of every whore.

Chorus—Then let us, &c.

At last ordained, he was constrained
 To turn and lead a Joseph's life,
 But more than a year he could not bear,
 And then he turned round and married a wife.
 The service through, he'd much ado,
 Or he'd have rushed out and groped his bride,
 And with beating hearts and swelling parts
 In a gig that evening home they ride.
 Chorus—Then let us, &c.

They had hardly gone a mile upon
 The road, when down the apron went,
 And in hot haste right up to her waist
 The parson her petticoats roughly sent.
 What next befell I cannot tell,
 But this I know, she lost one shoe,
 The seat was split, he lost the whip,
 And one of the springs broke bang in two.
 Chorus—Then let us, &c.

And then his house he showed his spouse,
 And lined her again on a box in the garret,
 He showed her the cellar, and with his umbrella
 He shoved her backside through a dozen of claret.
 He then took the bitch in, and showed her the kitchen,
 And his plunges made every spoon, dish, and plate clink;
 He lined her in drawing-room, bed-room, or snoring-room,
 Pantry, larder and parlour, and privy and sink.
 Chorus—Then let us, &c.

Now for a length he kept his strength,
 And did his duty night and morn,
 And spots of stuff, or son e such stuff,
 Did his coat from his afternoon efforts adorn.

But at last he gave in, to his wife's great chagrin,

And things had come to such a pass,

The vixen swore, if he didn't do more,

She'd try as a stimulant birching his arse.

Chorus—So let us, &c.

He thought, with a sigh, a divorce wouldn't lie,

He was sick of his wife from his top to his toe,

For the hole near her breech had a permanent itch

To be plugged, when both spirit and flesh cried a go.

At last he bethought him peace of mind might be bought him,

As with clergy in Rome single life was the rule

(Though they may tuck and bugger),—so he went to hug her,

And in that church's bosom found rest for his tool.

Chorus—So let us, &c.

HYMN TO A COCKSTAND.

Air, Advent Hymn—"Lo he comes, &c."

See him rise ! with pride ascending,

Out in favoured sinners lain,

Thousand thousand crabs attending

Swell the triumph of his train ;

Hallelujah !

Rises prick to fall again.

Virgin eyes with fear behold him

Rise in dreadful majesty ;

Claps that set at nought and sold him,

Pox that burned him grievously

Never fears he

In the bliss of Venery.

Quivering limbs and throbbing bosoms,
 Hands that idly love to stray,
 Ruby lips and humid kisses,
 Melting glances seem to say
 "Come and fuck me,
 Come and fuck me, come away."

Blest enjoyment, oft repeated,
 Gaping quims cessation fear,
 Fairy fingers, softly squeezing,
 Guide him through the maze of hair.
 Hallelujah!
 That's the style of thing, my dear.

Yea, Amen, let maids adore thee
 High on thy venercal throne;
 Penis!—wives lie down before thee,
 Claim thy vigour as their own;
 Oh, come quickly,
 Spend and make thy treasures known.
 Amen.

HYMN TO CUNT.

Air, "Hanover."

O praise ye the Cunt,
 Prepare your glad voice
 The praise of the great
 Pudendum to hymn;
 In the place where all came from
 Let Israel rejoice,
 And children of Zion
 Be glad in the Quim.

Let them it's great name
 Make known through the land,
 On houses and walls
 In chalk be it stuck,
 Who always takes pleasure
 To soothe a cock-stand,
 And teach to believers
 The joys of a fuck.

With pricks hanging out,
 The people shall sing,
 Till the strawberry grows
 Erect in its pride,
 Then let them in turn
 Enjoy a put in,
 And a soft buttered bun
 The heathen divide.

Amen.

SIR ROGER O'PRICK.

Air, "Rosin the Bean."

I've sailed into C's of all sizes,
 And in them full often I stick,
 Though there's C's that you sometimes catch cold in
 That take in Sir Roger O'Prick.

Chorus—That take in, &c.

As the waters were parted asunder
 When Moses he held up his stick,
 So the Red C's divided arse-under
 To take in Sir Roger O'Prick.

Chorus—To take in, &c.

And the ladies who love me so dearly
 Delight to indulge in the trick,
 And own that they sometimes feel queerly
 For want of Sir Roger O'Prick.

Chorus—For want of, &c.

When death puts an end to my merits,
 May I stand up as stiff as a stick,
 And the ladies preserve me in spirits,
 And gaze on Sir Roger O'Prick.

Chorus—And gaze on, &c.

Who knows what some fond maiden will do,
 Who for want of a lover's love sick,
 Perhaps she'll use in the way of a dildo
 The corpse of Sir Roger O'Prick.

Chorus—The corpse of, &c.

And if a fine grave I be laid in,
 Be it none of turf, marble, or brick;
 'Twixt the thighs of that amorous maiden
 Just shove in Sir Roger O'Prick.

Chorus—Just shove in, &c.

A toast, now, I'll give you with pleasure—
 A toast and a sentiment slick:
 May the shadow, boys, never grow lesser
 Of any man's Roger O'Prick.

Chorus—Of any man's, &c.

THE YOUNG THEOLOGIAN'S DREAM.

After Planche's "Dream of Dædalus.

I thought Peter's Keys that were given by Jes-
 -us opened the door of a privy, a privy;
 And that Christ so benign gave up vinegar wine,
 And was dosing himself with capivi, capivi;
 While red in his side, from the wound gaping wide,
 Yellow liquor was freely a pouring, a pouring;
 For some Jews with the clap, spooney men of that chap,
 Had preferred it to cunt in their whoring, their whoring.

I thought God the Father said he would much rather
 Have a boy than a woman to sleep with, to sleep with;
 While stout Jeremiah swore the spear of Goliath
 Was the best thing to bugger a sheep with, a sheep with.
 I thought that Susannah had gamaluched Hannah,
 Who said it was really a treat sir, a treat sir,
 And called on Uriah, but he wouldn't try a
 Cunt with large pieces of meat sir, of meat sir.

I thought the Ghost Holy had given up wholly
 The form of a pigeon to flit in, to flit in,
 But became of much use, in the form of a goose,
 For wiping God's arse after shitting, -ter shitting.
 I thought Abram's Sarey, and Martha and Mary
 Sat comparing their fannies for hours, for hours,
 Till King Sol he decided for Martha, who prided
 Herself on the flow of her flowers, her flowers.

When Mary was fretting, and wanted minetting,
 On St. Peter came straightway desire, desire;
 And after a bout, she said she'd no doubt,
 The apostolic tongues were of fire, of fire.

Then Martha pissed over old Aaron her lover,
 Her thumb she inserted his bum in, his bum in;
 And exclaimed with a jest, I know a High Priest
 Is partial to urine and thummin, and thummin.

PARODY ON "POWER OF LOVE."

There's a thing whose sway amorous men adore,
 And for which they pay money to a whore,
 Pegos rise to meet thee, short, long, sharp or blunt,
 Yet with tears they greet thee—such is thy power, oh cunt!

There's a thing whose root women all admire,
 Whose life-giving fruit fills them with desire;
 Any how they prize it, but when long and thick
 None will dare despise it—such is thy power, oh prick!

There's a thing we all love, men and women too,
 Dear it is to me, so it is to you,
 When together twined they our juices suck,
 Rapture rare we find in a transporting fuck.

There's a thing that men can with mankind enjoy,
 With a clean old man or an unfledged boy,
 You may not believe it, yet 'tis true, tho' odd,
 Arseholes can receive it—what they call a Sod.

THE LAST DROP OF SPEND.

Air, "Stirrup Cup."

The last drop of spend has been squeezed from my balls,
 The last poke brought off, betwixt waking and sleeping,
 And I fain would be quit of a pleasure that palls,
 And I fain would oblige the fair lady I'm keeping.

I'm restless and hot, and my darling is lewd,
 And rebukes when I'd fain from her dalliance be parting,
 With her hot burning kisses I'm ever pursued,
 And the room reeks of spend and the smell of stale farting.
 I cannot put in, I am weary and limp,
 Nor from tickling fingers new life can I borrow,
 My prick has shrunk up to the size of a shrimp,
 And my soul is depressed and I long for to-morrow.
 But cheer up my darling, and if fate has pleased
 Before six hours' rest that your gallant come never,
 Asleep he'll remember that she who had squeezed
 His last drooping stand was his true maiden ever.

PARODY ON RIZZIO'S LAST SONG TO MARY
 QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Quim and arsehole ! whose starting thighs
 Are all the sight I seek,
 Whose force in sweet extremes lies,
 Can shit or piddle leak.
 I bow me to thy loved cunt hole,
 My hairy, my hairy quim and arsehole !
 Thy genitals I used to bore
 Are clapped, and damp, and grey,
 Ah ! finger 'midst those lips once more,
 And hum thy farting lay,
 While I the spongy blue warts roll,
 My hairy, my hairy quim and arsehole
 A perfume rose from thy behind,
 The white drops from it strain,
 Then shall thy murmuring southern end
 Say all my spend's in vain ?
 No ! flyblown be thy false arsehole,
 Your hairy, your hairy quim and arsehole !

THE STRONG-BACKED MINISTER.

Air, "Sir Roger de Coverley."

In a village whose name is a mystery,
Once there lived a milliner,
Whose unfortunate history

I'll tell if you'll lend a willing ear.
She was no frolicsome jade,
Steady her life and right, oh!
All day she worked hard at her trade,
And soundly she slept at night, oh!

In that very identical
Town where dwelt this *spinister*,
At a dissenting conventicle
Hung out a strong-backed minister,
Who cast about glances so leary,
When he was a thumping and thundering,
That all the old ladies felt queery
Whenever they came to sit under him.

He happened to find this milliner
One of his congregation,
And straightway longed to be filling her
Bowels with consolation;
So he paid her a visit next day,
And said 'twas his duty to check her up-
-On the destructive highway,
And to aid her in keeping her pecker up.

Next day he was at her again,
And many a day ensuing,
For his zeal he couldn't restrain,
But must ever be up and doing.

Straightway he unfolded his tale

Of her sins in a way he quite shocked her in,
But his argument so did prevail
That soon she laid hold of his doctrine.

Then he uncovered her nakedness—

Morally speaking, not carnally,
And in his endeavours to make it less,
Wounded her feelings infernally.
At first the milliner winced,
For the labour of love was rigorous,
But as she wasn't convinced,
The minister waxed more vigorous.

Long did he wrestle and rout

To lessen the burden of sin to her,
But the more he bade Satan come out
The further he drove Satan into her.
So eager was he this sinner
To save, and so anxious about her, oh,
That each day he grew rapidly thinner,
While she got visibly stouter, oh!

Then he looked devilish blue

When he did her very great crop see,
For the minister very well knew
That she hadn't got stout from the dropsy.
And when this unfortunate *spinister*
Fairly was got in the mother way,
Then the strong-backed minister
Found he'd a call some other way.

So the minister took himself off,

And the milliner felt forlorn enough,
For he left her to bear the scoff
Of the world, and the world gave her scorn enough;

Long she lamented with tears
 His loss of whom she was still fond,
 Till at length her sorrows and fears
 She drowned one day in a mill pond.

That very same night as the minister
 Lay in his bed so snugly,
 In walked the ghost of the *spinister*,
 Looking infernally ugly.
 "You traitorous villain," she said,
 "Now come the end of your days is,"
 So she pulled him out of his bed,
 And carried him off to blazes.

COMMENTARY ON THE PARABLES.

Air, "Levy's Museum."

When religion first rose up to teach us
 To do right and resist Satan's spells,
 Its founder delighted to teach us
 Some truth in his neat parables.
 Trench, Alford, and others as clever
 Have explained them, some right and some wrong,
 And the fruit of their pious endeavours
 I'll epitomise now in my song.

Chorus—With its parables, miracles, mysteries,
 Who would delay to peruse
 That most entertaining of histories,
 The wonderful book of good news.

Now, the seed that was scattered so gaily,
 But of which very little took root,
 Points a moral to each of us daily,
 That says, always take aim when you shoot.

When in bed with your Polly or Nelly,
 In the cuddle that preludes a snooze,
 Don't waste any seed on her belly,
 And be careful which opening you choose.

Now, the guest who was asked to the wedding,
 But who didn't put on his best suit,
 Found himself from the room quickly speeding,
 And his impetus was his host's boot.
 When we want to suck up to our betters
 We should dress to our utmost or more,
 And we shouldn't forget our French Letters
 When we sleep with a Gallican whore.

In three measures of meal, an old woman
 Inserted a trifle of leaven,
 It leavened the whole, a sure omen
 Of the power of the kingdom of heaven.
 When in bed with one's darling one lingers,
 How often exhausted's one's pole,
 Till, leavened by her soft coaxing fingers,
 He rises and leavens her hole.

Two servants a generous master
 Rewarded for doing some job ;
 One turned lender to grow richer the faster,
 While t'other he hoarded his bob.
 So one man gets too large an interest,
 From lending each night to his wife,
 While one lays his barren old pin to rest
 In the folds of a clap-rag for life.

Now, the wind, rain, and sea proved uncivil
 To the fool who had built on the sand;
 But let wind, rain, and sea play the devil,
 A well-laid foundation will stand.

The moral, for ladies' direction,
 Says, charmers, this rule understand,
 Piss and fart down a temp'ry erection,
 But cherish a permanent stand.

Now, the virgins who used up their cruises
 Of oil, till it came to an end,
 Dean Trench as a metaphor uses
 To typify clap-juice and spend.
 Says he, may each running and oozing
 As quickly exhaust all its spite,
 And when with a woman we're snoozing,
 May our oil always last out the night.

THE GONORRHOEA.

Parody on "The Raven," by E. Poe.

It was evening, I lay dozing,
 Spirit wandering, frame reposing,
 But one thought would never leave me
 Till poetic form it bore;
 Though to you it may appear, Sir,
 For a poet rather queer, Sir,
 'Twas about the gonorrhoea, Sir,
 That I'd caught a week before,
 And I wrote these warning stanzas,
 As I trickled down before,
 Trickle, trickle evermore!

I remembered how I wandered,
 Nor on consequences pondered,
 Where Haymarket lamps shone brightly
 Over many a nighthouse door ;
 Came a hoarse though jovial maiden,
 Who with brandy seemed o'erladen,
 To address an old and staid an,
 Said, " Old chap, we've met before,"
 Touched the garments that arrayed one
 Where they buttoned up before,
 Fingered them, and something more !

I had answered in a passion,
 Mad with rage and indignation,
 Harlot, by the heaven above us,
 We have never met before !
 But my trousers, tight distending,
 Threat a chance of button rending
 And involuntary spending,
 E'en as Onan spent of yore,
 All about his brother's widow's
 Snowy belly spent of yore,
 Over that and on the floor !

So I whispered, Hush, my deary,
 Here you know not who may hear ye,
 Cease your soft and honied accents,
 Chafe my Cyprian wand no more,
 Let us turn our steps and wend on
 To the street that's called Oxendon,
 Where are beds our limbs may blend on,
 Arms and legs, and something more,
 Beds that we may gaily spend on,
 Free as foam on salt sea-shore,
 Spending gaily evermore !

Flights of stairs I never counted,
 With rapidity are mounted,
 For, Elijah-like, on pinions
 Of erotic fire I soar.
 Seek a bed, like Mars and Venns,
 And with nudity between us
 Play the game of cunt and penis,
 As the ancients played of yore ;
 Play the game the homely fashion,
 And as Cappadocia's champion*
 Played the game some years before,
 Belly bumping evermore !

But I found this lively ma'mselle
 In a week turned out a damned sell,
 As I, mad with grief and pain,
 By cunt and Jerusalem swore,
 When I sent a hot and hissing
 Stream, like hell-fire burning fizzing,
 As I stood in dolor pissing
 As I never pissed before,
 And my loins with pains are aching,
 And my prick is very sore,
 Linen staining evermore !

THE TEMPTATION.

Air, "There was a little man."
 Now when the world began, there was a little man,
 And very lonely felt he, in his heart, heart, heart,
 Of the population he's the whole, and he hadn't got a soul
 To pull his finger when he let a fart, fart, fart.

*St. George.

The Lord at length took pity, and said he, It's rather shitty
 To be calling beasts all nasty sorts of names, names, names ;
 When with such a large machine, his calling should have been
 A feeling and a fucking all the dames, dames, dames.

So he gave him Eve to lay with, but he said, You mustn't play
 with

This pretty little fruit that you see here, here, here ;
 But all the rest you may indulge in night and day,
 Until you both do get the diarrhoea, rhœa, rhœa.

But this most solemn warning they both forgot one morning,
 As through Eden they were strolling for a walk, walk, walk ;
 For Satan now had stuck F, U, C, K, fuck,
 In large letters upon the wall in chalk, chalk, chalk.

It's a strawberry, said Eve, or a carrot, I believe,
 Or a cucumber, or something of that breed, breed, breed ;
 But now I come to scan it, I think it's a pomegranate,
 Because it is so very full of seed, seed, seed.

Eve was so very curious, she fingered Adam furious,
 Till he dibbled in with might and main his root, root, root ;
 Said Eve, I do not know, but I think the thing will grow,
 Because I most distinctly felt it shoot, shoot, shoot.

They hardly had the time to wipe away the slime,
 When God down on 'em like a hammer bore, bore, bore ;
 And caught the guilty pair with flushed face and tumbled hair,
 And an enormous fig-leaf poultice clapped before, -ore, -ore.

Out of Eden, roared out God, and with an awful rod
 Kept cracking up old Adam's poor behind, -hind, -hind ;
 Till his prick began to harden, and against the gates of the
 garden,

He stirred up Eve with another joyous grind, grind, grind.

CHORDEE.

Air, "Excelsior."

The shades of night were falling fast,
 As up and down the High-street passed
 A youth, who bore inside his gown
 A prick-stand he could not keep down—
 Chordee! Chordee!

His brow was sad, beneath his eye
 Was blackness he could not deny,
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that well-known tongue,
 Chordee! Chordee!

Try not my arse, an old Don said,
 The Proctor looks down overhead;
 I can't, he cried, if I be hung,
 And from his lips escaped a groan—
 Chordee! Chordee!

Oh, stay, a strumpet said, and rest
 Thy greasy head upon my breast,
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
 As he said No, but with that sigh,
 Chordee! Chordee!

Beware the Proctor's stealthy walk,
 Beware the dirty smut you talk,
 This was a Peeler's last good-night,
 A voice replied, though out of sight,
 Chordee! Chordee!

At dead of night, as down the Corn
 The Proctors walk about till morn,
 They heard that oft repeated cry
 That echoed up and down the High,
 Chordee! Chordee!

A student by that faithful hound,
 I mean the "Bulldog," there was found,
 Still grasping in his hand so tight
 His prick most ghastly to the sight,
 Chordee! Chordee

THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

Come listen well, the while I tell

A tale that full of sense is,

'Tis all about the Zodiac,

In other words the Menses.

Chorus—Ri fol de riddle

Ri fol de wack,

Regulate your penis by

The signs of the Zodiac.

'Tis month the first, when pipes do burst,

We often find precarious,

And danger lurks in waterworks

Beneath the sign Aquarius.

In February your tackle try,

But cautiously, for this is

A time when you may catch the glue

Beneath the sign of Pisces.

In March take heed to sow your seed—

It better to be wary is,

The wish is great to copulate

Beneath the sign of Aries.

In April fools neglect their tools,

When ladies most adore us,

And yield their hearts to men of parts,

Beneath the sign of Taurus.

May's scented bowers suggest the flowers,
 With many a painful remini-
 -scence of remorse brought on by courses,
 Beneath the sign of Gemini.

The ointment blue in June must you
 Lay in, the safest plan, Sir,
 For crabs infest the cuckoo's nest
 Beneath the sign of Cancer.

'Tis to July the variety
 Called Lion black that we owe;
 Use letters French upon your wench
 Beneath the sign of Leo.

In hot August a mot mistrust,
 Nor foolishly with her go,
 But try instead a maidenhead
 Beneath the sign of Virgo.

Chaste in September keep your member
 From warm and sensual vibra-
 -tions:—Weigh the odds against your cods,
 Beneath the sign of Libra.

October beer in health may cheer,
 If ill, pray cautious grow, Sir;
 Chordees with teeth are ranked beneath
 The sign of Scorpio, Sir.

November, lotions use in oceans
 'Gainst evils vile and various;
 Mind how you sheathe your dart beneath
 The sign of Sagittarius.

To keep the horn not overworn
 Let sad December warn us,
 If we would last old goats long past
 The sign of Capricornus.

Thus rule your lines by Zodiac signs,
 Which fail not to remember
 As best you can—they run from Jan-
 -uary to December.

MISS BETTY BUNBUTTER.

Betty Bunbutter! oh, how I adore thee!
 Smile, and I'm happy the rest of the day;
 The warmth of my love is, I truly assure thee,
 But equalled in warmth by thy fol-de-rol-lay.
 Still, a clap is unpleasant, and so is the burning,
 And chordee is painful, I fearlessly say,
 And I don't like my shirt to be endlessly turning
 So yellow and starched by my fol-de-rol-lay.

Betty Bunbutter! thy dimple a nest is
 For thousands of Cupids to nestle and play;
 How white and how firm thy lilywhite breast is,
 While nipples erect token fol-de-rol-lay.
 But what a calamity's paraphymosis,
 Happy Jew, with your foreskin all clean cut away,
 Whose uncovered penis, the year round discloses
 The unadorned glands of your fol-de-rol-lay.

Betty Bunbutter! thy hair is like amber,
 Thy teeth are like pearls, and thy breath is like May,
 Oh! were I a mirror hung in thy bedchamber
 To see thee undressed, and thy fol-de-rol-lay.

But when your chancres are touched up with caustic,
 It makes a man roar, let him do what he may;
 And a second edition's a certain prognostic
 He'll soon have no frenum to his fol-de-rol-lay.

Betty Bunbutter! thy fingers are taper,
 Rosy tipped, like Aurora's, the goddess of day,
 Thy charms I can no more recount upon paper
 Any more than with that I can fol-de-rol-lay.
 But cubebs, I own, are a terrible evil,
 Though capivi is worse, I most fearlessly say,
 Damn those irritamenta malorum to the Devil,
 Thy fol-de-rol-lol, and my fol-de-rol-lay!

THE SENSUAL REVERIE.

Air, "Adelphi Dark Arches."

Oh, when the veins burn with a tender desire,
 And a kind-hearted damsel has set them on fire,
 How sweet on her bosom all panting to lie,
 And on those white pillows to languish and die!

Away with all garments, as free as the air
 Let our loving limbs mingle, all glowing and bare,
 O'er her bubbies and thighs let my hands gently glide
 To the soft little spot where my pleasures reside.

Now her eyes softly languish, her colour grows bright,
 As she owns the sweet earnest of coming delight,
 While wanton and white as the foam of the sea,
 Her amorous fingers are roving o'er me.

Oh, then let us join life's best pleasure to prove,
 Let us each to our breasts strain the form that we love,
 Till with labour grown weary, regaled with her charms,
 Sweet languor succeeds, and I die in her arms.

Now, pressed to her bosom, how sweet 'tis to lie!
 To kiss those red lips, and to touch that warm thigh,
 While the sweet loving grips from her dear hidden toy
 Remind me I'm still in the palace of joy!

THE CABBAGE TO HIS MISTRESS.

Air, Mozart's "Hymn to the Lark."

When I grew in the garden, my mind nearly reeled,
 I was so overcome with your beauty,
 As you left the retreat with ivy concealed,
 Fresh from your morning's duty;
 But the gardener came, with his tool in his hand,
 And there stood the cook, so bewitching,
 And he your adorer cut down, and
 The cook took me off to the kitchen.

I was washed, I was boiled, and, Oh, joy, I was chewed,
 My darling's tongue round me kept winding;
 I never before felt so juicy and lewd
 As during that heaven-born grinding.
 As you swallowed me down, in your belly I found
 Delights quite unmixed, without question,
 As you mumbled and tumbled your true love around,
 In a lengthy and tedious digestion.

I sighed till with wind my own darling was swollen,
 Which she broke like my heart, and I pressed in
 And rolled through the noble alcove of her colon,
 And squeezed through the smaller intestine.
 Consumed with desire, so extatic and keen
 Were my feelings—Oh! never suspect 'em,
 'Till I found the remains of what I'd once been
 In the charming retreat of her rectum.

She took me the following morn for a stroll
 To where we were fated to sever,
 And putting her bottom upon the round hole,
 I bid my love good bye for ever !
 I fell through the air to my dark prison cell
 In a state that I hope very few 're in,
 But what was my joy when I found that I fell
 In a pool of my own darling's urine.

A VALENTINE.

Come to my arms, my mistress dear,
 And say thou wilt requite my love,
 For long I've waited silent here
 An answer from thy lips above.
 Then ope those lower lips of thine,
 And let me fuck my Valentine.

Come closer still, my darling pet,
 Let me remove that curs'd chemise,
 That only serves to make thee sweat
 When I'm embraced betwixt thy knees ;
 Come woo this firm, stiff prick of mine,
 My own, my yielding Valentine.

Join lips to lips, and let thy tongue
 Thrust further, far into my mouth ;
 Sweeter thy breath than fresh cow dung,
 Or balmy breezes from the south.
 I pass my hand adown thy spine,
 My charming fat-arsed Valentine.

Now let me place the rosy head
 Within thy beauteous blushing cunt,
 That seems, while balmy drops are shed,
 To weep at the provoked affront.
 Come closer still our limbs entwine
 My heaving, panting Valentine.

Now comes the moment of our bliss!
 My penis swells! thy quim distends!
 Did ever pleasure equal this,
 As at one moment each one spends?
 Ah! hotter squirts the juice divine,
 My slippery, slimy Valentine.

'Tis over now, three days or more,
 The pleasure now is gone and past;
 No longer I thy charms adore,
 No longer doth my ardour last,
 For I am poxed from head to chine,
 You blasted chancered Valentine.

MINETTE.

A SONNET TO AN IDEAL MISTRESS.

Air, "Green Bushes."

BOYHOOD.

When Love, in its passionate urgings,
 Fierce lust in my boyish veins fired,
 I thought not of exquisite virgins,
 Nor as yet "le bien d'autrui" desired.
 Content with a fuck by the roadside,
 And a cunt large horse-collared and wet,
 I over clap chancre and node sighed,
 My loving, my charming Minette.

YOUTH.

Next Prudence assisted the lover,
 And Taste had crept in by degrees,
 I loved no more, did I discover
 Foul linen or dirt on the knees.
 That innocence charming and youthful
 I ne'er shall survey with regret,
 When I deemed that a whore might be truthful,
 My dearest, my darling Minette.

MANHOOD.

My taste with my years had grown better,
 Nor now to "strange women" I yield,
 And I rove (when her mother would let her)
 With a maiden through valley and field.
 But alas this sport, too, has its failing,
 And I ceased the extending my net,
 When my lures were found all unavailing,
 My passionate, pretty Minette.

AGE.

Now nature too overstrained yielded,
 And the bow over strung gave a snap,
 For weak grew the prick that I wielded
 From much over fucking and clap.
 Then my tongue it's new functions performing,
 'Twas then my love first that we met,
 At the thought now I feel my blood warming,
 My sweetest, my dearest Minette.

RESULT.

Then once more let each place the other
 In a transport of feverish bliss,
 Suckle thou like a child at it's mother,
 Whilst my frenzied lips rapturously kiss;

And Cœlebs may frig till he's stupid,
 And Benedick fuck till he sweat,
 But for us be the true sport of Cupid,
 My own, my "distinguished" Minette!

THE GALLANT GENTLEMAN.

Air, "Paddy's Wedding."

'Twas on me but one look she cast,
 But oh! that maddening, melting gaze!
 It told of all the pleasures past,
 And hinted future blissful days.

I saw her cast a doubting eye
 O'er each stout thigh and brawny limb,
 As though determined to descry
 Whether or no I loved a quim.

But while she thought, and schemed, and reckoned,
 I caught her by her velvet bum,
 Produced my prick, and in a second
 Poked it up to kingdom come.

So long, so stiff, that in that grind
 It pierced its inward way so far,
 I feared 'twould issue out behind,
 Like Love's intestinal cigar.

I poked her till she could not lift
 The fringed lash of either eye,
 I poked her till the dripping shift
 Seemed never destined to be dry.

And still as sombre death we lay
 Till Cupid's bow again was strang,
 Then, like a tigress on her prey,
 Upon the embowelling shaft she sprung.

THE HAUGHTY NOBLEMAN.

Air "O, Parents dear," Beggar's Opera.

All at a Court, a noble crowd
 Of nobles stood so haughty,
 But not a man was half so proud
 As haughty Lord de Dordy.

E'en when a little child, 'tis writ,
 He gave his nurse his word,
 He would not even stoop to shit,
 Says he "I am a Lord."

He would not stoop to shit for good
 And all, his word he'd pass;
 And more, he was so proud he would
 Not even wipe his arse.

The youth sarcastic, proud, and cool,
 The point so far would press,
 He'd never have a frig at school
 Except in evening dress.

In church, his ways so lofty would
 Make clerk and beadle falter;
 This haughty noble said he should,
 And did, sit on the altar.

He'd ninety courses every day
 For dinner, and his throttle
 No liquor swallowed but Tokay
 At fifty pounds a bottle.

This noble never went to bed
 To lie with his ladye,
 Without his coronet on his head,
 And his garter on his knee.

He'd never let his lady's hand
 Upon his privates linger,
 Unless she'd fifty rings so grand
 On every thumb and finger.

His bed it was so tall and stout,
 And raised with so much art,
 He'd tumble down in getting out,
 And hurt his noblest part.

For oh ! the room was fair and grand,
 With azure, gold, and rose,
 With three jugs to each wash-hand-stand,
 And nine and twenty pos.

And when he would, with head erect,
 A stream pee in his po,
 He was too haughty to direct
 It anywhere to go.

THE FORLORN ONE.

A lady lived in Pimlico,
 And though you'd think she'd not endure it,
 Yet every day to church she'd go,
 Because she dearly loved the Curate.

She worked him slippers for his toes,
 She worked him braces for his trousers,
 And, under unrequited woes,
 The sighs she let were really rousers.

Upon his book his eyes were glued,
 Be she responding, praying, singing ;

His coldness and correctitude
 Her to an early grave were bringing.

Her hair had turned entirely grey,
 She thought a final chance she'd best try,
 So boldly wended on her way,
 And found the Curate in the vestry.

And though he frowned an angry frown,
 And said he never could endure it,
 The lady boldly sat her down,
 And frigged herself before the Curate.

A cunning old pew opener saw
 The lady's gay attempt to wheedle,
 So stealing from the vestry door,
 She frigged herself before the Beadle.

The Beadle blushed, and then began
 The wicked woman to eject her,
 And to the rectory off he ran,
 And frigged himself before the Rector.

The Rector, when the Beadle had
 In this way desecrated his shop,
 Ought, strictly, to have run like mad
 And frigged himself before his Bishop

But from a chance venereal go,
 When once the Rector was erected,
 He was unlucky down below,
 And with disease he got infected.

He was afflicted with this blow
 So badly in his manliest quarter,
 That all fell off into the po
 One day as he was making water.

LA PUCELAGE A LA VEROLE.

Un soir a la barrière

Une peau, une peau,
Tortillait son derrière

Bien beau, bien beau.

Moi, soudain je m'approche

Et puis, et puis,
Les deux mains dans la poche
Lui dis, lui dis—

“ Oh, femelle divine !

“ Crois moi, crois moi

“ Fais manœuvrer ma pine

“ Dans toi, dans toi.

“ Le doux jus que j'épanche

“ Est bon, tres bon,

“ Livre a ma liqueur blanche,

“ Ton cou, ton cou.”

“ Beau monsieur,” me dit elle,

Bien bas, bien bas,

“ Je suis encore pucelle.”

“ Ah bah ! ah bah !!

“ Puisqu'il faut q'ça commence,

“ Eh bien, eh bien !

“ A vous la preference

“ Pour rien, pour rien.”

Je la fous, sur parole

A nu, a nu ;

Elle avait la verole,

Je l'eus, je l'eus.

Mon vit, jusqu' alors vierge,

Coula, coula,

Ni plus ni moins qu'un cierge

Voila ! voila !

THE CHANCRED MAIDENHEAD.

As I thro' Leicester-square
 Did pass, did pass,
 A girl was wriggling there
 Her arse, her arse.
 At once I did address
 That maid, that maid,
 And pulling at her dress,
 I said, I said,

"Oh, damsel fair as light!
 Let me, let me
 Go home this very night
 With thee, with thee,
 Sweet liquor will we shed
 So white, so white,
 While lying on thy bed,
 All night, all night."

"Kind Sir," she then replied,
 Quite low, quite low,
 "I have not yet been tried."
 "Is't so! Is't so?"
 "You first within mine arms,
 No blunt, no blunt,
 Shall taste my budding charms
 And cunt, and cunt."

This virgin she did prove
 A trap, a trap;
 The end of all her love
 The clap, the clap.
 Since I that cursed whore
 Did meet, did meet,
 Capiui cannot cure
 My gleet, my gleet.

A NEW BALLAD OF FAIRE ROSAMONDE.

Eleanor Queen was plain to be seen,
 Rosamonde was a beauty,
 And the King could shove at the call of love,
 But not at the call of duty.

For the King was fond of this buxom lass,
 As you're told in ancient ditties,
 And would sooner kiss fair Rosamonde's arse
 Than Eleanor's cunt and titties.

Rosamonde's cunt was pink and small,
 And the King with his tongue would divide it,
 But the Queen's was like a butcher's stall,
 With the meat exposed outside it.

Eleanor lay like a sack of sand,
 And liked a legitimate fuck,
 But Rosamonde played with his prick with her hand,
 And didn't object to a suck.

Now the Queen was jealous and overfond
 Of the rights of married life,
 And the King, though he fucked fair Rosamonde,
 Was bound to sleep with his wife.

In bed, the Queen would grumble and grunt,
 When the King was slow and lingering,
 For his prick was drained by Rosamonde's cunt,
 And sore with Rosamonde's fingering.

"Oh, Rosa, Rosamonde, what shall I do?"
 Said he. "Well, that's a poser,
 Your prick won't do to satisfy two,
 For it's scarcely enough for Rosa.

"Oh, men, proud men, contemptible fools,
 Of love can't bear the brunt,
 For one cunt will satisfy twenty tools,
 But not twenty tools one cunt.

"Still, a cure I've got for a raging twat
 From the French Ambassador,
 Which you can stick as proxy for prick
 Up the slit of Eleanor."

Her work-box then she did unclose,
 And a dildo large did bring,
 She spit on it first, then pulled up her clothes,
 And worked it before the King.

'Twas full eight inch, with a rosy head,
 A slighted maid's best friend,
 With a bag behind, wherewith to shed
 Warm milk in lieu of spend.

At this the King did caper and sing,
 'Twas the first in England seen,
 Said he, "'Twill be the very thing
 To rootle tootle the Queen.

"We two all day will cuddle and play,
 And I'll boldly drain my balls,
 Nor at night shall I curse my empty purse,
 And my wife's importunate calls."

The Queen that night neither sighed nor groaned,
 But with new delights did quiver,
 For the dildo for past neglects atoned,
 And almost lifted her liver.

And the King kept his prick for Rosa to shag her
 In cunt, in mouth, or in bum,
 Till Eleanor's poisoned bowl and dagger
 Sent her to kingdom come.

THE GOOD NOBLEMAN.

Air, "There was a Little Man."
 Respected near and far,
 There was a noble Mar-
 -quis, and Wallsend was the title that he bore, bore, bore,
 Who left his brother swells,
 To follow little girls,
 And tell 'em not to do it any more, more, more.

Said he, "A man's affair
 Isn't meant to go in there,"
 And his Lordship put his finger on the spot, spot, spot;
 But the wicked girls appalled
 The nobleman, and called
 On God to paralyse each limb they'd got, got, got.

"Your private parts, or cunny
 Should not be let for money,
 They're only meant to pee with," did he preach, preach, preach.
 His ears he almost doubted,
 When the little creatures shouted,
 "God blind us into bloody corpses each, each, each!"

"You always should endeavour
 To stop a young man ever,
 On any grounds, from creeping up behind, -hind, -hind."
 And this noble thought he dreamed,
 When the little creatures screamed,
 "God strike us deaf and lame and dumb and blind, blind,
 blind!"

"You dissembling, bleeding, rotten,
 Bloody, caulked, misbegotten
 Lump of shit, rubbed over with a little spend, spend, spend!"
 The little children cried,
 For a cockstand they espied
 Within the noble breeches of their friend, friend, friend.

They were tearing down his breeches,
 And his bitter cries and screeches,
 And his blushes would have melted hearts of snow, snow, snow;
 And the little creatures found,
 When they'd dragged them to the ground,
 That, while lecturing, he'd shot his noble roe, roe, roe.

LINES BY MISS A—E V—N.

Parody on "My Mother." Air, "Thy will be done."
 Whose tongue could best arouse love's fire?
 Whose tongue could best allay desire?
 Whose tongue appeared to never tire?
 My Gamahucher's!

Whose tongue could always find its way,
 Whether in the dark or day,
 'To where my little clitoris lay?
 My Gamahucher's!

Who'd such a fascinating knack
 Of laying A—e on her back,
 And mumble-ing her little crack?
 My Gamahucher!

Who loved to press the rosy spot
 That lay so near my little bot-
 -tom hole, with kisses fierce and hot?
 My Gamahucher!

Who o'er my form will fondly bend,
 Until my sighs proclaim the end,
 And then, whose lips are wet with spend?
 My Gamahucher's!

My taste for poking is so strong,
 I so for gamahuching long,
 They are so nice, they can't be wrong!
 My Gamahucher!

Why, really God must be a fool
 To think my pussey could keep cool,
 While you have got a tongue and tool,
 My Gamahucher!

And when the gamahuche is done,
 There are pleasures still not yet begun,
 And then you turn to manlier fun,
 My Gamahucher!

Some little cuddling side by side,
 And then your stiff-necked prick inside
 My longing little cunt you guide,
 My Gamahucher!

Our lips will press, limbs interlace,
 Still closer grows our close embrace,
 As these dear strokes increase in pace,
 My Gamahucher!

And when the final stroke is given,
 And my hole filled with your dear leaven,
 The world's forgot, I rise to heaven,
 My Gamahucher!

And when this lesson you have taught her,
 I blush to own that this Eve's daughter
 Removes the bloom with soap-and-water,
 My Gamahucher!

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY WHO WAS BIRCHED
TO DEATH.

They laid her flat on a goosedown pillow,
And scourged her arse with twigs of willow,
Her bottom so white grew pink, then red,
Then bloody, then raw, and her spirit fled.

THE POISONED WOUND; or, EDWARD AND ELEANOR.

When Edward the First upon Palestine's plains
The Christians to succour, commenced his campaigns,
He thought that some pleasure should temper the strife,
So took for companion his charming young wife.

Yes, Eleanor fair was a charming young wife,
The pride of his heart, the delight of his life,
And when day's wars are o'er, she pleasantly greets
Her warrior spouse 'twixt a pair of clean sheets.

Now, the Turks by King Edward were beaten, of course,
So treachery they try as a final resource,
And send an assassin disguised to the camp,
With a dirk steeped in poison—the rascally scamp!

As a conjuror disguised, to the King hastens he,
And diverts his attention with thimble and pea,
Then strikes at and misses his Majesty's heart,
But grievously wounds a more prominent part.

At plain honest English now why should I stick?
The part that was wounded—it was the King's prick,
Whose rosy-red top did much rosier grow,
For the dagger had very near split it in two.

The royal physician was called in at once,
 And this learned opinion did quickly pronounce—
 “The wound it is poisoned—my instruments, quick,
 I must instantly take off his Majesty’s prick!”

Then out spoke the Queen, who was standing close by,
 With a flush on her cheek and a tear in her eye,
 “Stay, stay, doctor, stay,—are no means to be found
 To draw the infection from out of the wound?”

“A poultice might do, but I don’t think it will,
 A black draught is useless, and so is a pill.”
 Said the Queen, “I’ve a thought—if it fails, more’s the pity,
 I’ll draw off the poison like milk from a titty.”

Then she knelt on the ground, and betwixt her red lips
 The King’s noble penis she fearlessly sips;
 She sucks and she sucks, like one parched with drouth,
 Till in spite of his pains the King spent in her mouth.

So the poison was drawn, and the King saved his prick
 Through Eleanor’s thoughtful magnanimous lick;
 And so by chance evils new joys introducing,
 King Edward and Eleanor learnt gamahuching,

“THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.”

Air, “The ‘Orrible Tale.”

You young men all, give ear and quail
 At the most truthful horrible tale,
 And you in outlines bold shall view
 The Girl of the Period, in the “Saturday Review.”

Chorus—For oh, she was such a horrible girl,
 A stoic’s brain she’d set in a whirl,
 Without a shudder, who can view
 The Girl of the Period in the “Saturday Review?”

Her cheeks are painted Babylon red,
 With a chignon tall she adorns her head,
 Of her bosom the padding's the total sum,
 And she wears a bustle instead of a bum.

To fetes or horticultural shows
 The girl of the period always goes,
 Where you're struck by her rudeness and manners blunt,
 When she slaps you on the trousers where they button up
 in front.

In the afternoon if you make a call,
 Though mamma be there and her sisters all,
 Without a blush she'll ask outright,
 If you're come for a short time, or going to stay all night.

And if you meet her in the street,
 With words like these she's sure to greet,
 "A glass of sherry you'll stand, dear, come,
 Or a pretty little sixpence for my cab home."

When she comes out of church, from the family pew,
 As you stop at the door to say how d'ye do,
 She boasts of the five-pound men she knows,
 And how she never under two pounds goes.

When taken down to dinner by some brisk rattle,
 Who of music, novels, and plays will prattle,
 With a blazé smile she asks him instead,
 To see her and her little sister dance naked.

Though it be the first time that you happen to see her,
 She makes a point of calling you dear,
 And will call you Charley, though your proper name is Jack,
 And ask you if you wouldn't like the skin pulled back.

This pink of fashion, if too soon you call,
 You'll find half dressed and not washed at all,
 With a bottle of gin, (false pride she disregards),
 Telling fortunes in the kitchen with a dirty pack of cards.

A pot of cold cream does her bedroom deck,
 Pots of rouge for her cheeks, and powder for her neck,
 A "Fanny Hill" to beguile leisure hours,
 And a sponge to put up when suffering from the flowers.

Now, young men tired of single life,
 If after this you take a wife,
 Accept a hint ere you put on the fetters,
 Ask the Saturday Reviewer for a dozen French letters.

THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS OF CHRISTENDOM.

Air, "Paddy Miles."

Of the Champions of Christendom little is known, Sirs,
 Save that which is handed us down by report,
 Though that little to much by tradition has grown, Sirs,
 As usually happens with things of that sort.
 I propose, then, to take each Saint, that we may classify
 Which has fulfilled his blest mission the best,
 That the various proceedings of each we may specify,
 And the badge each adopted to serve as his crest.

For England, then, first, let St. George claim attention,
 Who would maidens deliver from giant-like thief,
 What he did with them after beats my comprehension,
 Though 'tis probable he was commander-in-chief.
 He invented, while dwelling in far Cappadocia,
 A system of rogering clever but coarse,
 And to prove that in fucking, too, he was ferocior,
 His badge, the red rose, in a field with a cross.

Fair Scotland a cross claims for Andrew, her saviour,

A white one he bore for his purity famed,
Although men in former days praised his behaviour,
In these days of divorce courts he might have been blamed.
Did he finish his work with crozier and missal,

And deliver them all from the power of foul sin?
No, he left them the itch, and adopted the thistle
To scratch them, and gave to hell's brimstone their skin.

Come, Patrick, dear Saint of the green little island,

When ye banished the frogs and the toads by your force,
When ye turned all their bogs and their marshes to dry land,
'Twas to live on potatoes with hunger for sauce.

And I'm sure ye'd have never adopted the shamrock
Had ye only just lived in the days of Repale,
By mistake for a landlord been slain by a damned rock
Hurled bang at your head by a son of O'Nale.

We Welshmen all swear by the fame of St. David,

And we hold him the best of the seven brave chaps,
For surely to us very well he behaved,

As is proved by our cheese, and the ale in our taps.
Lest we should forget his parting oration

He adopted a badge to remind when we speak :
Says he, "Stick to your liquor in all moderation,
But stop up the barrel close, fearing a leak."

Great St. James was a noble hidalgo of Spain, Sirs,

And founded an order of knighthood out there,
Its practice was such as inflicted great pain, Sirs,

For they wore a chain mail lined inside with horse hair.
But to rouse them when faint from their fasts and their
shrivings,

And when weak on their lady loves' fair breasts they lie,
In order to strengthen their amorous writhings
The Saint gives them doses of strong Spanish fly.

Saint Denis of France was a rollicking Saint, Sirs,
 The sharpest by half of that sanctified crew;
 The lily he bore to show he did not paint, Sirs,
 Though most of the ladies there now-a-days do.
 He delivered his country from vile Pagan fetters,
 And was for his great ingenuity famed.
 'Tis to him that we owe the invention of letters
 Which after his country in general are named.

St. Anthony, too, was as good, sure, as any one,
 As Italy's champion through life he did jog,
 He adopted a pig as his constant companion,
 To show in church matters he went the whole hog.
 When his lust grew too strong, in the snow he would wallow,
 Which certainly seems a most curious device,
 For a Saint, too, a queer cooling method to follow,
 Like a fishmonger cooling his cods in the ice.

TO A FAVOURITE MISTRESS.

Parody on "Rock of Ages."

Air from "Hymns, Ancient and Modern."

Cunt of Gracey, cleft by me,
 Let me sheath my prick in thee,
 Let the water and the blood
 From thy pierc'd womb that flowed
 Be of crabs the perfect cure,
 Safe from pox and clap secure.

Not the frigging with my hands
 Can supply thy cunt's demands;
 Could my spend for ever flow,
 Could my prick no languor know,
 All in thy dear cunt is sown,
 Thine it is—yes, thine alone

Nothing in my hands I bring,
 Simply to thy love I cling,
 Naked, come to that dear place,
 Lecherous, fly to thee dear Grace,
 Lewd, I'll in thy cunt hole die,
 Birch me, Gracey, ere I try.

When all quivering comes my breath,
 When my eyelids close like death,
 When you claim me for thine own
 Love, and call me yours alone,
 Cunt of Gracey, cleft by me,
 Let me sheath my prick in thee.

THE GODS AND THE GODDESSES.

As the Gods and the Goddesses gaily were seated
 In a neat little parlour high up in the sky,
 With nectar ambrosial their bellies were heated,
 And Venus was squatted on Jupiter's thigh,
 When Cupid, the sly rogue, his mischievous pranks began,
 Sighing, as every one present can tell,
 Till with rapture the blood of each God and each Goddess ran,
 For which Master Cupid deserved birching well.

Now Jove, being the god of the lightning and thunder,
 Of Cupid's bright fire was the sport and the blunt,
 So the clothes of fair Venus he thrust his hand under,
 And, to her astonishment, tickled her cunt.
 Such doings the Gods and the Goddesses highly blamed,
 And swore that such conduct they never would stand,
 The dear little Goddess she blushed and looked quite ashamed,
 And in her confusion she spent in his hand.

Then Mars he went up to the Goddess Bellona,
 And told her that she had got nothing to fear,
 Then quickly the hero he mounted upon her,
 And into her thrust the whole length of his spear.
 There came in at this very critical crisis
 Adonis, a neat little dandified buck,
 Along with a dear little creature, called Isis,
 And gave her a most systematical fuck.

And Mercury, too, felt a strong inclination,
 And lifted up five or six Goddesses frocks,
 But each one declined his polite invitation,
 And swore he'd got either the clap or the pox.
 Æsculapius to give an opinion was willing,
 But swore he'd be damned if he'd do it on tick,
 And as Mercury said that he hadn't a shilling,
 The doctor refused to examine his prick.

Minerva was glowing with love and desire,
 Though of modesty she had been oft heard to brag,
 She acknowledged the power of Cupid's bright fire,
 And went up to Bacchus and asked for a shag.
 Though she offered to him virginity's treasure,
 And into his breeches she thrust her fair hand,
 The dear little Goddess was grieved beyond measure
 To find him so drunk that his prick wouldn't stand.

By this time at length all their scruples were ended,
 And each lovely young Goddess by her fancy got led,
 And as Somnus und Morpheus politely attended,
 Each amorous couple proceeded to bed.
 When Jupiter cried, "Now, take this as a warning,
 And, mind you, I talk neither rubbish nor stuff,
 Be sure you're all down by ten in the morning,
 For by that time you'll all have had fucking enough."

THE FUCKING FAMILY.

There's them kids of mine misbehaving,
 Their acting will soon drive me raving,

'Tis really so bad
 That I shall go mad,
 For they spend all the money I'm saving.

I've got lots of young sons and a daughter,
 In my pockets they make a fine slaughter ;

The time once was mine
 When I drank my own wine,
 But now I must drink my own water.

'Cos cash I'd a very poor stock of,
 My water they threatened to knock off ;

One day, 'pon my life,
 In sight of my wife,
 A chap came, and he did cut my cock off.

Come listen to me, my good masters,
 And give me attention, kind pastors,

The while I recount
 The horrid amount
 Of my troubles, my woes, and disasters.

There's my wife Sal, she never does lack words,
 She's let our house unto three blackguards,

And she swears by Gole
 That she'll let the whole
 Of the house, and then lay herself backwards.

She has let the house unto three lodgers,
 And they are such gallows queer codgers ;

On the door there was wrote
 These words I now quote,
 Mr. Balls Mrs. Mary Brown Rogers.

But now I am an under-dweller,
 I goes home to my wife rather mellow;
 At the door I don't rap,
 But pulls down my flap,
 And gets into my wife in the cellar.

There's my daughter Paulina Jane Anna,
 Plays very well on the piano,
 But she's such a rum 'un,
 She's always a strumming
 In such an inveterate manner.

A horizontal was once her delight, now
 She can do all the fingering right now,
 But the young bitch did say
 To me t'other day
 I should like for to have an upright now.

She's always my good advice scorning,
 Though I know she's received cock warning,
 For I found t'other day
 A pill box that did say
 Two at bed-time and one in the morning.

There's my eldest, a man himself styling,
 Though the deeds that he's done are so riling,
 He's been with some mot,
 And the glue he has got,
 And giv it to us, the whole biling.

He gave it our servant, Poll Carter,
 The bitch then she gave it me arter,
 I gave it my wife,
 And she, 'pon my life,
 Gave it Jack Fitch, and Jack gave it my daughter.

There's my youngest, he won't ape his betters,
 Though I read to him Chesterfield's letters,
 And there's nought he'll delight in,
 Except it's a writing
 A K U N T on the shutters.

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

f you've ever been to the Princess's
 To see a grand tragical play,
 You must own that for scenery and dresses
 It stands number one in its way.
 Some like "Sardanapalus," while others,
 And I with those critics must be,
 Prefer the famed "Corsican Brothers,"
 Whose feelings so strangely agree.

In Corsica—so runs the drama,
 And here's where my story begins,
 Two infants were born of one mamma,
 And joined like the Siamese Twins.
 Their parents must sure have been cranky,
 For what did these old buffers do,
 They cut Louis from Fabian di Franchi,
 And made them from one into two.

Cried Fabian one day to his brother,
 "Now, this is a corker to me,
 The only way I see is, brother,
 For both of us thus to agree,
 Of whatever place I am an inmate,
 My ghost shall tell you what I do,
 And if ever a mess I get in, mate,
 I expect the same favour from you."

Their sympathies so grew together,
 From that day they always went shares,
 Not knowing the why and the wherefore,
 Each one felt the other's affairs.
 When Ma wiped the bum of one brother,
 The other would cry "all serene,"
 And pull down his breeches instanter,
 To make sure his own bottom was clean.
 When they grew up to manhood they parted,
 And in physic did try to excel,
 To Paris young Louis was started,
 While Fabian at home still did dwell.
 Said Fabian one day to his mother,
 "From the state that my rhubarb is in,
 I am sure that my beast of a brother
 Is going now to have a put in."
 Then he rushed from the house in a canter,
 The night it was wonderful dark,
 And he tipped an old woman instanter
 For a fourpenny grind in the Park.
 Turning homewards, he saw in a vision,
 Surrounded by statues and trees,
 His brother in a similar position,
 At the back of the famed Tuilleries.
 The next mail from France came a letter,
 And Fabian its purport could tell,
 For the envelope stunk of capivi,
 And a bit of lint stuck to the seal.
 Cried Fabian, "I know you're a martyr,
 I can tell without reading a line,
 I well know what you have been after.
 From a swelling I've got in my groin"

Then he started to Paris, but got there
 Too late to stop poor Louis' woe,
 For his brother had just had his meeler
 Cut off by one Chateau Renaud.
 But judge of poor Fabian's wonder,
 For when he stooped down to pee,
 His own tool dropped off from its moorings,
 And stuck in his drawers at the knee.

You may judge from the plot I have given,
 How misery easily springs
 From the simplest strokes of its venom,
 When aimed at the root of the things
 If you've any doubts of my story,
 When you next go to Paris you'll see
 Two Corsican jocks in one bottle,
 In a place called La Rue de Chordee.

THE SPANISH MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

Air, "The Mountain Laisy."

In yonder house there lives a lady,
 What's her name I do not know,
 But she always, always answers
 To all questions, No.

Chorus—No, Sir, no, Sir, no.

Her father was a Spanish merchant,
 Gone to sea some years ago,
 And he bade her always answer
 To all questions, No.

No, Sir, &c.

Dear lady, when you walk the garden,
 Calling flowers of every hue,
 Would you, dearest, be offended,
 If I walked along with you ?

No, Sir, &c.

Dear lady, when I tie your garter,
 Tie it tight above the knee,
 If my hand should slip up further,
 Would you take it ill of me ?

No, Sir, &c.

When the birds are sweetly singing,
 As in summer oft they do,
 Would you, dearest, be offended
 If I lay on top of you ?

No, Sir, &c.

When bright Phoebus sinks in ocean,
 Tinging all around with red,
 Would you, dearest, be offended
 If I asked to share your bed ?

No, Sir, &c.

The livelong night we lay together,
 Till the cock began to crow,
 Now then, dearest, I must leave you,
 Open your arms and let me go.

No, Sir, no, Sir, have another go.

A SONG OF SALLY.

Air, "Sally come up."

A little song I'll sing to you,
 The tune is old, the words are new,
 It's all about what I used to do
 With my peculiar Sally.

She was the gal
 To make your privates swell,
 She looked so nice, and fucked so well,
 Did my own darling Sally.

Chorus—She'd put it up and pull it down,
 And then she'd wriggle her arse around,
 She'd spend and fart and shudder and bound,
 My fucksome little Sally.

I took her once to Hampton Court,
 'Twas there I thought to have some sport,
 I wanted to give her something short,
 My charming little Sally.

I did her bobbies press,
 Then we quickly did undress,
 And then, my boys, the rest you'll guess,
 Of what I did to Sally.

Chorus.

She'd lie on her back and cry Oh, oh!
 Catch hold of my balls and squeeze them so,
 And quickly make me shoot my roe,
 This charming little Sally.

Her cunt got red and rare,
 A merkin she used to wear,
 For I fucked her bald—yes, not a hair
 Was on the cunt of Sally.

Chorus.

I kept on going this maid to see,
 Until I found I couldn't pee,
 For I had got a damned chordee,
 From fucking little Sally.
 I thought she'd been a maid,
 But oh! I dearly paid
 For sleeping with that poxed-arsed jade,
 That Christfucked, bleeding Sally!

I met her since in Drury Lane,
 Christ! how she laughed to see my pain,
 From anger I could not refrain,

At the sight of bawdy Sally.
 I called her a cruel lass,
 But she said, bold as brass,
 "Oh, you be buggered and kiss my arse!"
 This dreadful, awful Sally.

Chorus.

OLD CUNT GREY.

Air, "Old Dog Tray."

But unless my watch is fast,
 Bedtime has come at last,
 And to fucking I must wend my cheerful way,
 I've tried every change of hair,
 But none on 'em can compare

With my faithful wife's old Cunt Grey.
 Old Cunt Grey is ever faithful,

No other prick can find its way,
 If I want a stunning grind,
 I can never, never find

So flash a quim as old Cunt Grey.

She is good at fucks in cabs,
 And a mortal foe to crabs,

And more like a nosegay than I care for to say,
 She is open at all hours,
 No poxes, gleans, nor claps, nor flowers,
 Ever bugger up my old Cunt Grey.

Old Cunt Grey had a bugger

That up her arse once tried to force his way,
But she pissed all down his legs,

And shat o'er his nutmegs,

So he hooked it out of old Cunt Grey.

One morn I went to shite,

I'd been shagging it all night,

I was limp, I was flabby, I had no cockstand that day,
Then the shit-house door ope'd wide,

And in my wife did glide,

A flashing of her old Cunt Grey.

John Thomas quickly up did start,

I let a preliminary fart,

My bowels did relax,

dropped my bloody wax,

And shot my roe up old Cunt Grey.

A GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

Damn God, from whom all evils flow,

Damn Christ the bastard here below,

And damn the dove that rules the roast,

Damn Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THE PROVOKING HUSBAND.

Air, "A lady in Seville's fair city."

A lady in Seville's fair city,

Her husband did love very deep,

But though she was youthful and pretty,

That husband would do nought but sleep.

He always was nodding and dozing,
 And ne'er brought a poke to an end,
 But fell fast asleep ere its closing,
 And never would wake up to spend.

If she shook him for conduct so shabby
 When he woke, it was useless to pout,
 For his prick was so limp and so flabby,
 That he only woke up to slip out.

If fingering and frigging she tried, Sir,
 And to rub up his prick with her hand,
 Still worse was the lot of this bride, Sir,
 For he spent without getting a stand.

THE NARROW AND THE STRONG.

By Professor Taken Shortfellow.

I dropped a turd in a narrow lane,
 Well pleased that my efforts were not in vain,
 I buttoned my trousers and hastened away,
 For fear that the Bobby should come that way.

I farted aloud in the evening clear,
 And the scent of it tainted the atmosphere;
 To follow its perfume I did not care,
 As it floated away in the silent air.

While fucking a woman against a wall,
 I trod in the turd I had erst let fall,
 And the fart that I let not long before,
 I smelt again in the breath of my whore.

THE EYE.

In every darling creature
The most expressive feature

Is not the mouth to tell, or laugh, or sigh,
It's not the ears or nose,
Nor the chin, as some suppose,

'Tis the eye my dear, the eye my dear, the eye.

While doing the heavy swelling,

You fancy you are telling,

And are piping the effect off on the sly,

If you want, my dear, to see

The effect you've made on me,

You should ax, my dear, should ax, my dear, my eye.

When you think you're going to draw me,

And bring a present for me,

A bracelet, ring, or what you please to buy,

Would you find out if your taste

Appears suitable and chaste,

You must ax, my dear, must ax, my dear, my eye.

And when evening's drawing near,

You are whispering in my ear,

How you would—and if I dont—then how you'll die,

If you'd fathom on this maid

What impression you have made,

You must ax, my dear, must ax, my dear, my eye.

THE MORNING POKE.

By the Ghost of Dean Swift.

Though with last urging wine-cups at night we grow warm,

Yet morn, says the sage, is the time to perform;

'Tis then you should join in venereal bliss,

And greet your chaste spouse with a cuddle and kiss.

'Tis true a thick paste has grown up on your tongue,
 And your teeth with a yellowish slime are o'erhung;
 'Tis true that your lips may be dry, cracked and peeling,
 And your yesterday's supper be surging and reeling,
 As you lie on your back, uncertain to know
 If't had best be sent upwards, or let out below,
 By a strain for a vomit 'twould quicker escape, or
 A spluttering stool that wants oceans of paper:
 'Tis true that your nose with thick mucus is choked up,
 And your nails are begrimed with the filth you have roked up,
 And your eyes can scarce see for the gum and the glue in,
 And your mouth has a taste of the phlegm you've been spewing,
 And your loins, and your pubes, are sticky and wet,
 These sticky with semen, those flowing with sweat:
 'Tis true that the morning has painfully shed
 The beams of the sun, through the blinds, on your head,
 Which you dive 'neath the clothes, from the glare in your eyes,
 Whence the fumes of stale cunt juice, and prick juice arise,
 Rank, fetid, and slowly ascending above
 With last night's stale farts of yourself and your love.
 Then feverish, and restless, your legs you extend,
 And start, as you come on a pool of cold spend.
 Thus reeking, and sweating, and retching, and soaking,
 How charming a time one's dear love to be poking!

L I N E S T O E L I S E .

Men hire our persons for the night,
 Keep us awake, and kiss and teaze,
 But ah! how different the delight
 I have in cuddling dear Elise.

Men poke and spend, then sadly linger,
 And all their lively motions cease,
 But always lively is the finger
 Of you, my beautiful Elise.

A man has hands, a tongue as well,
 A man has something more than these;
 But what can ever hope t'excel
 The tongue and fingers of Elise?

My girlish tricks, my woman's tattle,
 Rough stolid man oft fail to please,
 But you delight to hear my prattle,
 My beautiful, my own Elise.

Marriage is a perpetual hire,
 Wives swear to love till life shall cease,
 Of you alone I ne'er shall tire
 Till death, my beautiful Elise.

Let love-sick maidens find a bliss in
 A sweetheart's kiss—the silly geese;
 My dearest joy shall be in kissing
 The hidden rose-bud of Elise.

When Flora with her cheeky ways,
 Will try to vex, annoy, and tease,
 I still can make her envy blaze,
 By praising you, ma chère Elise.

Yet Flora, still we'll kiss and play,
 I love you more than all the he's,
 But when you're cross, I still shall say,
 My fondest love is for Elise.

And if some man, which heaven prevent,
 Should e'er my inclination please,
 'Twill be my highest compliment,
 To say I love him next Elise.

L I N E S T O T H E R E S E .

The nobler sex, creation's lords
 Men call themselves—well let them rave;
 I love but what their purse affords,
 My heart Therese alone shall have.

A man may fondly press my lip,
 A man may idolize my charms,
 But ah! far sweeter joys I sip,
 When clasped in dear Therese's arms.

Poor foolish men, like growing boys,
 To such fond self-conceit they grow,
 As if they could impart the joys
 That woman can with woman know

The rose betwixt my swelling thighs,
 To man may yield a venal bliss,
 But its sincerest pleasure lies
 In dear Therese's burning kiss.

And when I clasp her naked waist,
 And all her blushing charms behold,
 With limbs entwined, what joys we taste,
 Joys that cannot be bought for gold!

So soft her skin, so bright her eyes,
 Such winning ways to her are given,
 That when I'm nestling 'twixt her thighs,
 I'd hardly care to go to heaven.

N O M O R E !

No more shall mine arms entwine
 Those beauteous charms of thine,
 Or the ambrosial nectar sip
 From that delicious coral lip—
 No more.

No more shall those heavenly charms
 Fill the vacuum of these arms;
 No more embraces, wanton kisses,
 Nor life, nor love, Venus blisses—
 No more.

The glance of love, the heaving breast
 To my bosom so fondly prest,
 The rapturous sigh, the amorous pant,
 I shall look for, long for, want
 No more.

For I am in the cold earth laid,
 In the tomb of blood I've made.
 Mine eyes are glassy, cold and dim,
 Adieu my love, and think of him
 No more.

VIVAT LINGAM.
 NON RESURGAM.

NURSERY RHYMES

There was a young woman of Norway,
Who drove a rare trade in the whore way,
Till a sodomite Viscount
Brought cunt to a discount,
And the bawdy house belles to a poor way.

There was an old man of Molucca,
Who wanted his daughter to fuck her,
But she got the best
Of this little incest,
And poxed the old man of Molucca.

There was a young lass of Blackheath,
Who frigged an old man with her teeth ;
She complained that he stunk,
Not so much from the spunk,
But his arsehole was just underneath.

A young lady, who once had a Jew bean,
 Found out soon that he'd got a bubo,
 So when it was ripe,
 She put in a pipe,
 And sucked up the juice through a tube oh !

There was a young lady of Hadley,
 Who would with an omnibus cad lie,
 He gave her the crabs,
 And besides minor scabs,
 The pox too she got very badly.

There was a young princess called Dagmar,
 Who said "I should so like to shag, Ma,"
 And says she, "If you speaks
 To the King of the Greeks,
 He will lend me his own tolliewag, Ma."

There was a young Marquis of Lansdowne,
 Who tried hard to keep his great stands down;
 Said he, "But that I thought
 I should break it off short,
 My penis I'd hold with both hands down."

There was a young man of Penzance
 Who rogered his three maiden aunts ;
 Though them he defiled,
 He ne'er got them with child,
 Through using the letters of France.

There was a gay Countess of Dufferin,
 One night while her husband was covering,
 Just to chaff him a bit,
 She said "You old shit,
 I can buy a dildo for a sovereign."

There was an old party of Wokingham,
 And his whores said he always was poking 'em ;
 But all he could do
 Was to tongue-fuck a few,
 And sniff at his fingers while roking 'em.

There was a young lady of Ealing,
 And her lover before her was kneeling ;
 Said she "Dearest Jim,
 Take your hand off my quim,
 I much prefer fucking to feeling."

There was a young lady of Ealing,
 Who had such a curious feeling,
 She'd lie on her back
 And tickle her crack,
 And spend right bang up to the ceiling.

A Biblical party, called Ham,
 Cried "Cuss it, I don't care a damn!"
 " My father's yard measure
 " I view with great pleasure,
 " Such a bloody great battering ram!"

There was a young lady of Diss
 Who went on the river to piss;
 The man in the punt
 Shoved the pole up her cunt,
 And gave her most exquisite bliss.

There was a young man of Newcastle
 Who wrapped up a turd in a parcel,
 And sent it a relation
 With this intimation—
 It has just come out hot from my arsehole.

There was a young widow of Nain
 Who the bedclothes did frequently stain,
 With such great inflammation
 Came each menstruation,
 Her cunt so long idle had lain.

A nasty old bugger of Cheltenham
 Once shit in his bags as he knelt in 'em,
 So he sold 'em at Ware
 To a gentleman there,
 Why did not much like what he smelt in 'em.

There was a young lady of Rhyl
 In an omnibus was taken ill,
 So she called the conductor,
 Who got in and fucked her,
 Which did her more good than a pill.

There was a young man of Balbriggan,
 Who was fearfully given to frigging,
 Till these nocturnal frolics
 Played hell with his bollox,
 And killed the young man of Balbriggan:

There was a young lady of Tring,
Who sat by the fire to sing :
 A piece of charcoal
 Flew up her arsehole,
And burnt all the hair off her quim.

There was an old man of Ramnugger,
Who drove a rare trade as a bugger,
 Till a fair young Circassian
 Brought fucking in fashion,
And spoilt all the trade in Ramnugger.

There was a young lass of Uttoxeter,
And the young men they all shook their cocks at her,
 Their pricks she oft sucked,
 Was oft buggered and fucked,
But at last came to grief—for the pox ate her.

A young woman got married at Chester,
Her mother she kissed and she blessed her,
 Says she, " You're in luck,
 He's a stunning good fuck,
For I've had him myself down in Leicester."

There was a young lady of Lee,
 Who scrambled up into a tree,
 When she got there,
 Her asshole was bare,
 And so was her K U N T.

There was an old man of Tyburnia,
 Who suffered from inguinal hernia,
 When offered a truss
 He said with a cuss,
 "Just you mind those things that concern you."

A modern monk nicknamed Augustin,
 His penis a boy's bottom thrust in;
 Then said Father Ignatius,
 " Now really! good gracious!
 Your conduct is truly disgusting."

There was a young lady called Tucker,
 And the parson he tried hard to fuck her;
 She said, "You gay sinner,
 Instead of your dinner,
 At my cunt you shall have a good suck, ah."

There was an old party of Fife,
 Who suspected a clap in his wife,
 So he bought an injection
 To cure the infection,
 Which gave him a stricture for life.

There was a young lady of Lincoln,
 Who said that her cunt was a pink un,
 So she had a prick lent her
 Which turned it magenta,
 This artful young lady of Lincoln.

There's a man in the city of Dublin
 Whose pego is always him troubling,
 And its now come to this,
 That he can't go to piss,
 But the spunk with his piddle comes bubbling.

A boy whose skin-long I suppose is,
 Was dreadfully ill with phymosis;
 The doctor said, "Why
 Circumcision we'll try,
 A plan recommended by Moses."

A rank whore, there ne'er was a ranker,
 Possessed an Hunterian chancre,
 But she made an elision,
 By a transverse incision,
 For which all her lovers may thank her.

There was a young lady, and what do you think!
 She said, "I care nought for a prick that dont stink,
 And I think that a fuck
 Ai'nt so good as a suck
 When you've pulled back the skin and uncovered the
 pink."

There was an old Warden of Wadham, he
 Was very much given to sodomy,
 But he slyly confessed,
 "I like tongue fucking best,
 God bless my soul isn't it odd of me?"

A convict once, out in Australia,
 Said unto his turnkey, "I'll tail yer,"
 But he said, "You be buggered
 You filthy old sluggard,
 You're forgetting as I am your gaoler."

There was a young maid of Cardiff,
 Whose father one Sunday asked if
 To church she would walk,
 To hear some good talk.
 When the young maid replied "Ax my spiff."

There was an old man of Seringapatam
 Besmeared his wife's anus with raspberry jam,
 Then licked off the sweet,
 And pronounced it a treat,
 And for public opinion he cared not a damn.

There was an old man of Kentucky,
 Said to his old woman, "Oi'll fuck ye,"
 She replied, "Now yer wunt
 Come anigh my old cunt,
 For your prick is all stinking and mucky."

There was a young lady of Delhi,
 Who had a bad pain in her belly;
 Her relations all smiled,
 'Co's they found her with child,
 By his honor the C—f B—n K—y.

There was an old person of Delhi
 Awoke with a pain in his belly,
 And to cure it, 'tis said,
 He shit in his bed,
 And the sheets were uncommonly smelly.

A youth who seduced a poor lighterman,
 Said, "I'd much sooner fuck than I'd fight a man,
 And although, Sir, I find
 You a very fair grind,
 I must say I've had a much tighter man."

There was a young lady of Pinner,
 Who dreamt that her lover was in her,
 This excited her heart,
 So she let a great fart,
 And shit out her yesterday's dinner.

There was an old woman of Ghent,
 Who swore that her cunt had no scent,
 She got fuckod so often,
 At last she got rotten,
 And didn't she stink when she spent.

There was a young lady of Gloucester,
 Whose friends they thought they had lost her,
 Till they found on the grass
 The marks of her arse,
 And the knees of the man who had crossed her.

There was a young man of Belgravia,
 Who didn't believe in the Saviour,
 So he walked down the Strand
 With his prick in his hand,
 And was locked up for beastly behaviour.

There was a gay Rector of Poole,
 Most deservedly proud of his tool;
 With some trifling aid
 From the curate, 'tis said,
 He rogered the National School.

There was a young man of Nepaul,
 Who confessed that he'd only one ball,
 But some meddlesome bitches
 Once pulled down his breeches,
 When lo! he'd no bollocks at all.

There were three young ladies of Huxham,
 And whenever we meets 'em, we fucks 'em,
 And when that game grows stale
 We sits on a rail,
 And pulls out our pricks and they sucks 'em.

There was a young man of St. Just,
 Who ate of new bread till he bust,
 It was not the crumb,
 For that passed through his bum,
 But what bugged him up was the crust.

There was a young man of Oswego,
 Whose friends said, "Be off now, to sea go,"
 He there learned the trick
 Of skinning his prick,
 And up arses thrusting his pego.

Thus died an old man of Moldavia,
 Well known for his bawdy behaviour,
 When the priest thought him shriven,
 And fitted for heaven,
 He cried, "Go and bugger the Saviour."

PARODY ON "THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

This is the cunt that Jack fucked.

These are the warts that grew in the cunt that Jack fucked.

These are the hairs that fringed the warts, that grew in the cunt that Jack fucked.

These are the crabs that dwelt in the hairs, that fringed the warts, that grew in the cunt that Jack fucked.

This is the spend that deluged the crabs, that dwelt in the hairs that fringed the warts, that grew in the cunt that Jack fucked.

These are the balls so battered and worn, that sent forth the spend, that deluged the crabs, that dwelt in the hair, that fringed the warts, that grew in the cunt that Jack fucked.

This is the prick with the crumpled horn, that hung over the balls so battered and worn, that sent forth the spend, that deluged the crabs, that dwelt in the hair, that fringed the warts, that grew in the cunt that Jack fucked.

This is the clap that made Jack mourn, that gave to his prick the crumpled horn, that hung over his balls so battered and worn, that sent forth the spend, that deluged the crabs, that dwelt in the hair, that fringed the warts, that grew in the cunt that Jack fucked.

This is the chancre as hard as a corn, that came after the clap that made Jack mourn, that gave to his prick the crumpled horn, that hung over the balls so battered and worn, that sent forth the spend, that deluged the crabs, that dwelt in the hair, that fringed the warts, that grew in the cunt that Jack fucked.

This is the doctor who called every morn, to caustic the chancre as hard as a corn, that came after the clap that made Jack mourn, that gave to his prick the crumpled horn, that hung over the balls so battered and worn, that sent forth the spend, that deluged the crabs, that dwelt in the hair, that fringed the warts, that grew in the cunt that Jack fucked.

DEFINITIONS OF CHARACTER.

The vain man—One who loves the smell of his own farts.

The amiable man—One who loves the smell of other people's farts.

The proud man—One who thinks he can let loud farts.

The sly man—One who lets silent farts and walks away.

The modest man—One who lets silent farts and blushes.

The impudent man—One who lets loud farts and laughs.

The scientific man—One who bottles his farts.

The unfortunate man—One who lets moist farts.

The bewildered man—One who does not know his own farts from any one else's farts.

The nervous man—One who stops in the middle of a fart.

The honest man—One who farts fair.

The foolish man—One who tries to keep a fart in.

The prompt man—One who always has a fart ready.

The envious man—One who says he does not like farts.

The miserable man—One who can't fart.

The dishonest man—One who claims other people's farts.

The grateful man—One who thanks God for a fart.